

Exhibit A

Hon. Amy Berman Jackson
U.S. District Judge
District of Columbia
333 Constitution Avenue NW
Washington, D.C. 20001

Your Honor:

This letter is to tell you about Paul Manafort, my husband. Paul is very different than the image painted in the media and the press.

Paul and I have been married for 40 years and I love him very much. Paul has always made me feel valued, important and whole. For our family, he always strived to give me, our daughters, and our extended family and friends a better life. Paul and I have gone through a lot together, such as family crises, health issues, and the loss of loved ones. We have shared a lot together, and we made constant sacrifices for each other. Throughout our marriage Paul made sure that it was a partnership of equals. In fact, Paul encouraged me to be my own person and follow my own interests and have my own career, something for which I have always been very grateful.

Paul worked countless hours at the White House, on political campaigns, and later at the consulting firm he co- founded and led for many years. My husband travels often for his work, including many trips to foreign countries. Despite what you may read in the press, his focus is to spread and foster American values through his work.

Despite his grueling work schedule, Paul is always first and foremost dedicated to his family. Shortly after the birth of our first daughter, Jessica, Paul encouraged me to go to law school. I attended Georgetown Law School in the evenings and graduated with honors.

Our second daughter, Andrea, was born while I was still in law school. Paul provided me with unwavering support. Even though he was incredibly busy, he made time for our daughters and made sure they were ready for bed when I returned home. I could not have successfully survived those years and attained my degree without Paul's help.

Paul is an incredible father. Our daughters are Paul's number one priority and have never taken a back seat to his work. No matter where he was in the world he traveled home to coach Jessica in basketball for five years and Andrea for three years in soccer. There are so many examples, but there are a few particular memories I cherish.

Some may be surprised to hear that early in Paul's career, he declined an invitation from then Vice President Bush to have a private dinner at the Vice President's official residence. He had a much more important obligation that night. The dinner conflicted with our eldest daughter's graduation to Girl Scouts from Brownies and it didn't matter if it was Law School, college, or Brownies, graduations were always an exciting and important event in our family. I will never forget overhearing his response to a colleague that later asked him why he would miss such an

important event, "In 25 years no one will remember if I was at that dinner, but my daughter will remember that I was at her graduation." I can assure you that he wanted to be at that dinner very badly, but he didn't hesitate, he didn't complain, and most importantly, he was right.

Finishing law school and starting her career at a time where it was still very difficult for women, Paul was the type of man I hoped for when raising children. I can't begin to explain how much confidence and support Paul gave our daughters. He encouraged them to participate in sports, hobbies, their studies and careers. He did this so that they would be able to find what they were truly passionate about and pursue their dreams. He always told them they could be anything they wanted to be and there's no doubt Paul's empowered them to be strong women. Watching his daughters succeed has made Paul immensely proud, and I can see how happy he gets when they still come to him for advice as adults. Their bond to him is not just because of all the good things he's done for them, but also because of the rock he was for them during their most challenging period as children.

In 1997, I suffered a brain injury and was in a coma for six weeks. Paul was by my side every day, including the months of extended recovery. When I awoke, I had lost so much of my memory and had to re-learn the most basic life skills. I know now that each day Paul was with me, I would repeat the same story, ask the same questions, and we would do the same routine. Years later when I found this out, I would joke to friends about how annoying I must have been, but he always gave me a kiss and said that his one joke was always funny. We can laugh now, but I know extremely difficult it was for him during that time. He marshalled all of our family and friends to arrange hospital visits and aid in my recovery when I returned home. He would get our girls off to school, come to the hospital, go to work, come back to the hospital, come back to the hospital, and then work through the night to make sure he maintained his business commitments. He did this for months on end. Countless family and friends have told me that he never complained and he was always upbeat and excited about my progress, even on the bad days. He constantly made everyone feel like it was no question I would get better. It's sad to say that this was not the only time someone close to Paul would need his help to get through a tragedy.

Paul is compassionate and supportive of our extended family, our friends, and our neighbors. Paul is the oldest of three boys and he adores his little brothers. Unfortunately, the middle brother, Bob, passed away at age 37. He left behind a 7-year old daughter, Starr, and his young wife Linda, who we still love very much and will always be part of our family. As for Starr, Paul stepped right in and provided the emotional support she needed. He also made sure that Linda had everything she needed so she could continue being the wonderful mother she was before Bob's death. As the years went on, he became a father figure and he didn't just provide things, he was always available to Starr for advice, guidance, and love. When she was ready for college, Paul didn't think twice to pay for her education. When she fell in love, he made sure she got the wedding she deserved. Paul's selflessness is evident. When he did something nice or generous for Starr, he would pretend like he knew nothing about it and say she should thank her mother. When he walked her down the aisle, he made sure she knew how much his brother loved her. When she thanked him for paying for college, he thanked her for inviting

him to graduation. That is my husband. It's not about credit with him, it's about making sure everyone has the resources they need.

That can be seen with my parents. As they got older, Paul modernized their homes, made sure they had safe cars, and did whatever he could to make their later years comfortable. It's the same story with my siblings. Over the years Paul helped many of our family members to purchase their homes. My sister-in-law, Stacy, suffers from spina bifida. It is very difficult for her to move around her home and Paul noticed this. They didn't ask for help, Paul just wanted to alleviate Stacy's suffering, so he suggested her and my brother purchase a single-floor home. He offered them help to purchase it and took it upon himself to make sure everything was fully handicapped accessible before they moved in.

Paul also helped our nieces and nephews pursue their educations by covering tuition costs from pre-Kindergarten through college and post graduate work. In addition to financial assistance, Paul has always been our family and friends' resource for encouragement and academic advice. He is the rock the family has relied on for many years. He also convinced a neighbor's daughter to stick it out through law school. She credits him to this day for her law school success.

Paul always puts others, whether it be family, friends, or neighbors before himself. Our summer home was a revolving door for family and friends. Paul spent countless hours coordinating activities for the various groups that we hosted every summer. His focus was on what would make each person happy all the way down to their food preferences.

No marriage is perfect, and Paul and I have had our ups and downs over the years, but we have always come back to each other and have helped each other overcome challenges, during tough periods of life. We have been a great team together and have picked each other up when one of us was down. Paul is also not perfect, and like everyone, he has his flaws. Paul made mistakes that have led him to this sentencing before the court. But, unlike the public perception of him, he is also a compassionate man who has always put me, the kids, and our family first. When deciding his sentence, I ask you also to recognize the wonderful things Paul has done in the past and will continue to do when this chapter is behind him.

Sincerely,



Kathleen Manafort

Exhibit B

Hon. Amy Berman Jackson
U.S. District Court of Columbia
333 Constitution Avenue N.W.
Washington D.C. 20001

Dear Hon. Judge Jackson,

My name is Andrea Manafort Shand, and I am writing this letter on behalf of my father, Paul Manafort. It is my hope to share with you some of my experiences that I think provide helpful insight about who my dad is as a person.

From when I was little, I always looked up to my dad. He instilled many values in me that I carry with me to this day. If I were to list all of them, then I fear this letter would be entirely too long, so instead I will share only a few. My dad showed me what it means to be a family – to always love and support one another, unequivocally, especially when times are tough. He also made clear to me from a young age that family, friends and community are more important than everything else and to value them above all else. Lastly, but in my opinion most notably, he was a living example of selflessness and generosity; he taught me how one person practicing these values can make a huge difference to many.

Throughout my life, my dad has provided me with unconditional emotional support. Whenever I approached my dad with thoughts or questions, he was always there to talk through it with me – be it trivial or significant. This may sound simple, but in reality it was anything but. For example, I am somewhat of a night owl, which basically means that the deep thoughts or feelings that I generally feel the need to talk through, quite frequently occur at very late night hours. This is further complicated when adding in the fact that my dad has traveled worldwide throughout his career, so quite often he would be in an entirely different time zone when I desperately needed to chat about my deep musings. Whatever the case may be, my dad was always available. If I needed immediate consultation on how do I pick what classes to enroll in, or when did you know you wanted to marry mom, or why is junior high the worst thing ever – he was unfailingly there to discuss.

Moreover, my dad has always made sure I felt I could do or be anything that I put my mind and work into, and whatever that is, he is there to support me in executing it. This has certainly been tested throughout the years as I have developed many interests and hobbies – some fleeting, some long-lasting, and many in between. Yet my dad has never missed a beat. For example, as a child my sister started to play basketball and after a couple of years my dad volunteered to be the coach of her team. I saw this and also wanted to be on a team that my dad coached, so naturally I decided I should try out basketball as well. Much to my dismay, I was quite lacking in the hand-eye coordination department and basketball was not a good fit. I decided that perhaps a sport utilizing my feet was more suited to my strengths, and the following year I took up soccer, which thankfully I excelled at. The major downside was – would my dad still be able to coach me? Basketball had always been a sport near and dear to him, and I had definitely never seen him play or even watch soccer. His answer: of course he could coach

me, what was I crazy? And with that he promptly went to the bookstore and purchased a huge stack of books on soccer, soccer play strategies, and how to coach soccer.

This may seem like a small and silly story, but to me that moment really stuck with me. It meant so much that he not only agreed to coach me, but how seriously he took it. He did (and still does) whatever it takes to enable him to provide me with guidance and support, even when my interests and goals are in areas he is less familiar with. To really further illustrate this, fast forward to present day. I very recently expressed to my dad an interest to use the Montessori methods in raising my son. This took place during a telephone conversation while he has been incarcerated. My dad admitted he had little firsthand knowledge of this method but still expressed how he wanted to know more so he could fully understand and discuss it with me. So I donated some books about the Montessori methods to the facility where he is. He immediately read them all, and now he is the one consistently teaching me various techniques that could help support my son's growth and development. His support truly knows no bounds.

My dad is someone who never gives up on others. I can say this without hesitation after seeing the lengths he went through with my mother. When I was 12, my mom suffered a severe traumatic brain injury. We were told that with this type of injury that the most likely outcome for her was death or living in a permanent vegetative state. Despite this extremely bleak prognosis, my dad never gave up. He moved mountains it felt like to ensure that everything that could be done was being done to give my mom the best possible chance. After many excruciatingly long weeks, my mom awoke from her coma. While that was an amazing moment for all of us, it was nowhere close to the end of the battle, and in many ways it was just the beginning. The doctors could provide no insight on what type of recovery she would make or what our lives would look like from here on out. But my father was unwavering in his support. I admit that I never once felt like my mom would not make a full recovery and while this had to be at least in part due to my childish naiveté, I really believe it is also a testament to my father's determination and resolution. He patiently sat with her everyday while she learned to speak again, to walk again, to learn the most basic functions like feeding herself. All while raising and loving two scared daughters. If you were to meet my mom today, there is no way from talking with her that you could guess what we have all been through as a family. Her recovery has been a miracle, a gift from God to be sure, and we are so blessed to have her with us today. And I truly believe her presence now would not have been possible without my dad.

To be clear, while I am so thankful and blessed to have my dad's love and support, I have also personally witnessed how he provides this well beyond his nuclear family as well. To anyone who has needed someone, he has stepped up however he can. Depending on the person and the need, I have seen him take on the role of friend, mentor or fatherly figure to those in need. I have so many stories of how he has helped his parents, my mom's parents, my cousins, his cousins, my mom's cousins, my uncles and aunts, his friends, my friends, my sister's friends, and so on. He is a person who steps up when asked for help. But more than that, he is a person who seeks out who needs help and offers his assistance. Sometimes he is just a listener when someone needs to be heard, but many times, he is doing whatever he can to help ease their burden or assist their end goal. When I was young I was dating a boy for a short while, and a

family member of his got very sick while we were dating. He explained to me the situation and I shared it with my father. Despite that my father had only met my boyfriend maybe once or twice, and had never met this family member of my boyfriend's, who by the way lived in entirely different state – as soon as I told my dad what was going on, he asked how he could help. He immediately made calls to get some background on hospitals in the relevant area and what specialists came highly recommended. This is what my dad does – whatever he can do to help anyone in need.

It is no surprise to me that my dad has been asked and accepted the role of godfather for so many people's children that I have lost count at this point. This honor is a responsibility that he has always taken very seriously. To help people, whether in their spiritual upbringing or in any other way needed, seems to be a value that is innately part of who my father is. His acts of selflessness are many. It is for this reason, and so many more, that I chose to include my dad's name as part of my firstborn son's name. A choice I would make over and over again now that I have witnessed my dad firsthand as a grandfather.

The weeks leading up to my son's birth, my father came over nearly every day. It was the dead of summer, and I needed to take walks to promote labor. So of course my dad patiently accompanied me on these walks (which is probably not even the right term given that I was quite slow and hobbling about). During these walks, he would listen if I needed to talk or tell me stories if I needed to listen, but ultimately it was his calm and supportive presence that helped me feel better. And when I went into labor, which stretched over the course of two nights, he barely slept and made clear he was there for me and my growing family in any way he could be.

Once my son finally arrived, my dad was by his side as soon as he was allowed to be. He came every day I was in the hospital to visit us and to just gaze at our newest little family member. And when we were released and we all went home, my father came over every morning for several weeks to help make lunch and dinner and then to clean everything up afterwards. He was such a permanent fixture at my sink washing dishes that it became a family joke. This help that he provided in those early weeks cannot be understated.

And then several weeks later my father was indicted and our whole world got flipped upside down. Because of the high-profile nature of what was happening, suddenly our home no longer felt safe. Strangers felt they had the right to bang on our door and demand answers from me and my husband that we didn't have to give. With a newborn to protect, we felt like the safest option was to move into my parent's apartment which had more security than our home offered. And of course, right when this all happened, we were in the throes of a sleep regression with my newborn son. So my sleep deprived family set up shop in my parents' guest bedroom, and we took each day as it came. My dad, the ever giving and generous man that he is, took this opportunity to help US with OUR problem, despite his freedom being at stake. In the very, very early morning hours of our first night there, I remember stumbling bleary eyed and exhausted into the living room with my son to find my dad sitting in his chair reading the indictment against him for the very first time. He took one look at me, put down the indictment, scooped up my son and told me to go back to bed. This to me says exactly who my

father is as a person. His selflessness is unshakably resolute. He gives whatever he can to those he sees in need, regardless of what is going on with him.

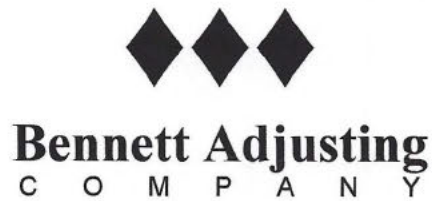
As a father, he has not just taught me the importance of being generous or selfless, but he has shown me what that really means and how to practice it. This is something that I hope to emulate with my own children. I love my dad more than words can describe. I am so blessed that he is my father and I wouldn't change that for anything in the world. While I know that he is not perfect, I love him just as much as if he was. Because he is a truly good man. Something I wish more people would have the opportunity to see - and not for his sake but for their own. Because knowing him and learning from him has given me faith in humanity and shown me the goodness that people are capable of. And I know that he is more than worthy of forgiveness just like every person under God is. Ever since he has been incarcerated, there has been a hole in our hearts. I did not get a chance to say goodbye, nor have I hugged him in over 8 months and I miss him in a way that I struggle to really capture with words. I pray every day for him and his health. I pray that my son will get to hug his grandfather again soon. I pray that my mother will get her devoted husband returned to her soon. I pray for patience and strength to endure these hard days so that one day soon my dad and I can go on another walk together and talk about the silly things a daughter needs to talk to her father about.

Thank you for your time in reading this letter.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Andrea Shand". The ink is dark and the handwriting is fluid.

Andrea Shand

Exhibit C



January 23, 2019
Hon. Amy Berman Jackson
U.S. District Judge
District of Columbia
E. Barrett Prettyman Federal Courthouse
333 Constitution Avenue N.W.
Washington D.C. 20001

Dear Judge Jackson:

It is my pleasure and honor to write this letter. I am doing so with a deep heartfelt conviction. I believe in families and the internal relations with and of a family member. I believe all of us should work hard at developing friendships and should enjoy these friendships fully. While we all do not think alike, we should maintain our friendships with tolerance, compassion, and a lack of bigotry of thought.

Paul Manafort is my friend. He has been my friend for over 30 years. This friendship has been steady and never in jeopardy. From both sides, I believe the friendship has been honest and forthright. I know that Paul shares in my convictions toward both family and friends.




We first met when our oldest daughters became friends in our neighborhood elementary school. Both were young ladies with athletic abilities and they played on the same Mt. Vernon Youth League basketball team. Paul and I co-coached their teams for three years. Both Paul and I had some background in basketball and our co-coaching worked very well. We had a tremendous amount of enjoyment teaching our daughters and their teammates. We took pleasure in bonding the team and their parents to provide a fun experience.

Co-coaching taught me a lot about my friend. Timely, hard working and very organized are some traits of Paul's that quickly come to mind. Paul was so into coaching that he made up a playbook for our team. I have saved a copy and it brings back wonderful memories.

Over the last 30 plus years, I have met most of Paul and Kathy's families and a number of their close friends. I now consider all as friends of mine as we all have great interest in family and friends. Without a doubt, Paul has in many ways come to the aid of almost every member of his and Kathy's families. He has assisted in finding housing, finding employment and educating nieces, nephews, and in-laws. All of Paul and Kathy's family and friends exude the love and affection for each other that you would expect.

I am an avid golfer. Through golf, I have met and become friends with many of Paul's former employees and partners who also play golf at the same club. Every one of these former employees and partners have prospered from their relationship and experiences with Paul. I never hear a bad word. I only hear how he has helped them. All share wonderful stories of family,

David Bennett
General Adjuster



friends, and work. Without any question, Paul has a great amount of respect from all these people.

In 1996, Paul and I were standing in line at a Baskin Robbins getting ice cream for our families. He turned to me and asked me if I would like to go to the Republican Convention in San Diego. He was in charge of that Convention and I advised that I would like to if I could be of help and not be in the way. He said "I'll get you a good seat." I had no idea what I would be doing, so I got an airline ticket and a new suit and headed to San Diego. As it turns out, my seat was very good. It happened to be on the podium, a few seats down from George W. Bush and Christine Todd Whitman. It was at this time I did my first and only political work for free. I also learned for sure that Paul was my trusted friend.

I do know Paul Manafort. He is a natural leader. He is compassionate. He is loyal. He is a family man. He is my friend and he will always be my friend. It is my hope that my friend will no longer be confined in solitary or otherwise. I pray for fairness. I pray that you will recognize the very unusual punishment this man has endured. I also pray that you will see the cruelty of the imprisonment to date. I pray for a lot. I also expect a lot. Thank you .

Yours truly,



David Bennett
General Adjuster

Exhibit D

February 23 ,2019

Hon. Amy Berman Jackson
U.S. District Judge, District of Columbia
E. Barrett Prettyman Federal Courthouse
333 Constitution Avenue N.W., Washington D.C. 20001

Dear Judge Jackson,

Judge, I am an old soldier - a Vietnam war vet who was drafted in New York and entered the Army reluctantly in 1966. I tried to make the best of the situation, became a rifleman, went to Engineer OCS and eventually became an Army Engineer Company Commander in III Corps Vietnam. There, my commanding officer and mentor was Medal of Honor recipient Lt. Col. Joe Rodriguez. He inspired me to remain in service to our country for twenty more years. I have been all over the world and have seen and evaluated many people - some great and some very bad. Please take into consideration my background in conjunction with the following request:

Please be as lenient as possible when sentencing Paul Manafort. He is repentant for his transgressions. I have known Paul and his family for over thirty years. They were across-the-street neighbors in our suburban Virginia subdivision. We shared in all the typical rhythms of family existence - weddings, funerals, graduations, holiday parties, coaching kids sports teams, leaky plumbing, broken bones, flat tires and so on. I will never be able to repay the generosity and loyalty Paul has extended to my family. I am always proud to call him my friend. His work in politics was a source of comfort to me. I believe the success of the great Americans Ronald Reagan, John McCain and Robert Dole was due to his unsurpassed political acumen. In my estimation, he was always on the side of justice, common sense and patriotism. Despite the demands of the business he was in, he was there to be part of my family's ordinary but important occasions. He and his wife Kathy even found time to travel to Montana for my son's wedding.

This year our country will observe the 50th anniversary of the Moon Landing and Woodstock. I was on the ground in Vietnam in 1969 and missed both of those milestones. My wish is that Paul and I and our families and friends could be together this Summer to celebrate those events and the good fortune and good works accomplished over the five decades since.

I remain, yours truly,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Wayne Holland", with a long, sweeping horizontal stroke extending to the right.

Wayne Holland, Lt. Col. (U.S. Army, Ret.)

Exhibit E

Hon. Amy Berman Jackson
U.S. District Judge
District of Columbia
E. Barrett Prettyman Federal Courthouse
333 Constitution Avenue N.W.
Washington D.C. 20001

Dear Judge Jackson,

I have known Paul Manafort my entire life. As children playing basketball at the Boys Club to spending our summers together at the beach. Sharing joyous occasions of our weddings to the birth of our children and grandchildren. Through all the happy times and tragic events that have befallen on our families.

Throughout, Paul has been a wonderful husband to his wife Kathy, his two daughters and now the light of his life, his two young grandchildren.

Paul is extremely generous with his time to his immediate family as well as his extended family and friends. Whenever we are together he puts you at ease, always caring for your needs first. Often worrying about others to the point of making himself sick. To him, there is no family member more important than the other, or a level of importance to one's problem. It also not just with family, he goes above and beyond for anyone in his life.

Whenever I call Paul for help, whether for a charitable donation with a worthy cause, or just to talk about personal matters, he always there for you. Never dodging the tough issues but always finding a way to help you. For as long as I've known him, he genuinely gets joy from helping others. Which, to me, is clear because he never accepts credit and will almost always respond, "you did this all on your own...I knew you could do it".

I talk to Paul a few times a month, although it's now difficult to speak due to his current living accommodations. Per usual, our conversations are about baseball, friends and family matters. With the difficult issues Paul is dealing with, he still remains positive about his situation. In normal Paul fashion, he is the one encouraging us to do the same.

My wife struggles with Alzheimer's Disease. Paul never lets our time pass without asking about her and how she is progressing. Or if there is anything he can do, a doctor he can find. His thoughtfulness and kindness encourage me to persevere through the battle my wife endures everyday, and I don't know what I would do without his unwavering support.

Your honor, to err is human and Paul has clearly made mistakes. I ask that you show mercy and leniency to him. I know him to be a man of good character because of all the good things he has done for me and the many others, without ever asking for something in return.

Leniency to Paul will not only impact him and his family, but the many others that emotionally rely on him, as well as the impact he can have in the future if given a second chance.

I thank you for your kind consideration in this matter.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be "David Cimadon", written over a large, light-colored oval shape.

David Cimadon

Exhibit F

Hon. Amy Berman Jackson
U.S. District Judge
District of Columbia
E. Barrett Prettyman Federal Courthouse
333 Constitution Avenue N.W.
Washington D.C. 20001

Your honor,

Paul J. Manafort Jr., who I have always called PJ, has been both a neighbor and friend going back to when we were both twelve years old. We met shortly after I moved to Corbin Avenue in New Britain just before entering sixth grade. I remember we met when I noticed some boys around my age playing basketball at a house across the street from where we rented. It wasn't long before his mom and dad welcomed me any time I came over. I was also invited to stay overnight on some occasions. They always treated me like a family member.

PJ was one of the best people among all the members of our small cadre of friends. He was generous to me in many ways, realizing that my family had limited resources. He was always quick to take money out of his pocket to pay for things like my movie ticket (when I couldn't pay), as well as buying my lunch whenever our group of friends stopped off at Friendly's Restaurant. He went about it quietly so as not to embarrass me. He was also a good son. Often, when I went over to his house to play he had a number of chores to perform before he could go outside. I recall on such instance, he had several pair of his father's shoes lined up to polish. Since his dad was the city's mayor, he realized how important it was that his shoes shined brightly.

PJ and I attended St. Maurice Catholic Church and Jr. High School, beginning with seventh grade. We both became Altar Boys and served many masses, weddings, funerals and special events together. We also played football on the same New Britain Midget Football League team, the Redskins. Paul was our quarterback because he was athletic and smart. He also starred on our school's basketball team. In our ninth grade year he was elected to be our class president. That was testimony to his likability and his leadership ability (that was so evident even back then). He was always a consummate gentleman, always a good sport and someone we all looked up to.

We went to different high schools but stayed in touch. After high school we both went away to college and lost touch. When PJ graduated from Georgetown I was invited to his party where we renewed our friendship and relationship. I was proud to call him "friend". Later in life I followed his career as he worked for President Ford and then President Reagan. Whenever I called him for advice he was always considerate, patient and helpful. We saw each other on only a few occasions after that, but we eventually got together in Alexandria, VA where his house was just down the street from Mt. Vernon. He was still the PJ I knew in our teens. Always kind, considerate and generous. He took us out to dinner and insisted on picking up the check! He also set up to tour of the White House with special access to the Oval Office! Unforgettable memories.

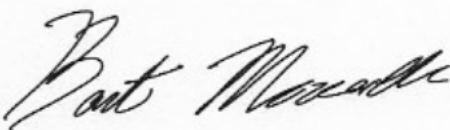
My wife and I stayed with Paul and Kathy Manafort at their home at Mt. Vernon Circle for a few nights one Fall about 12 years ago. During our stay PJ invited us to join him and Kathy at their Catholic church on a Sunday morning. This is where they regularly attended and to which they contributed. After services we went to breakfast where we prayed together. I felt that Paul was serious about his faith and it wasn't just for show.

They also took us into D.C. where we dined at The Palms Restaurant. PJ took me into a room where he showed me a caricature of him on the wall alongside other notable celebrities. I could tell he was proud to show his boyhood friend that painting.

On another occasion we were invited to their home in Bridgehampton for three nights. PJ was excited to spring a surprise on us, he imported everything from a locally famous hot dog place in our hometown so we could enjoy a nostalgic feast. It was a reminder of a simpler time in our lives. One morning when I awoke early, PJ was sitting in his office drinking coffee and conversing with his office in the Ukraine. Of course I asked him a lot of questions about what he did there and he answered me honestly and in terms I could understand. I knew that his firm, Davis-Manafort, was consulting the government of Ukraine and also running campaigns. This is something with which he was involved from the time he graduated college. He never bragged about his important work, nor did he waver in discussing with me what he and his staff were trying to achieve in Kiev. During our visit I asked about Paul's youngest brother, Dennis. Kathy Manafort told me that Paul frequently helped Dennis and other family members financially, since he was successful, and they were not. PJ even sent one or more of his younger relatives to college. PJ was always a regular guy, never acting like he is better than anybody else.

When our stay with Paul and Kathy was coming to the end we were invited to travel with them to NYC for dinner and to attend a Yankee game in what was then the new Yankee Stadium. Paul and I have been lifelong Yankee fans, and my friend of many years delighted in hosting my wife and me. Later, as we walked out of the stadium, I thanked him for the fantastic experience. Throughout our time together Paul was still the same guy I knew from the old days. He's always thoughtful, patient, kind and very caring. I don't ever remember him having any "honesty issues". He is a truth-teller, not a man with pretenses. I believe he is a man of integrity.

In closing I would like to tell you that the Paul Manafort Jr. I've read and heard so much about during the last couple of years is unrecognizable to me, and to everyone who knows him. I've spoken to a few of our long-time friends who all say the same thing. I'm angry that he's been placed in solitary confinement. It has me wondering what my country has come to. My hope is that my letter will be accepted by the court and will result in helping my friend receive mercy at the hand of the authorities who control his fate. I know that God is the ultimate judge. Thank you for allowing me to express myself on Paul's behalf.



Bart Mazarella

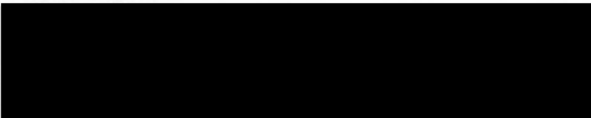


Exhibit G

Hon. Amy Berman Jackson
U.S. District Judge
District of Columbia
E. Barrett Prettyman Federal Courthouse
333 Constitution Avenue N.W.
Washington D.C. 20001

Dear Judge Jackson,

I am Kathy Manafort's first cousin (and a confirmed, lifelong Democrat.) We have been close since her teenage years. Kathy's parents were my favorite Aunt and Uncle. They were modern, smart, modest, open-minded, accepting, fun and funny, unpretentious, creative, confident people, without a trace of the provinciality, reserve and even stuffiness of many I knew on small town Long Island, where we grew up. Kathy was the logical product of this, one of the sweetest human beings I know, and I love her dearly.

I have lived in the Los Angeles area since 1969 but maintained a car and work equipment at my parents' house on Long Island, and visited when I found work to help fund it. After she and Paul were married and bought property—because of our relationship and the fact that I was in the trades with a creative bent—Paul always gave me the first opportunity to do any work in their homes that I might be able to do. The first was at the Bridgehampton house in the early nineties. I painted the entire house—and much more—over a number of years. The Manaforts entertained there a lot, mostly for family and friends, and sometimes his business associates. Everyone was welcome and Kathy's parents stayed there most summers. This was important to Paul because he wanted to maintain the strong relationship they had, and to make sure the group's diverse thinking would leave an impression on his two daughters and the other children in the family. Paul would often talk about how much he loved summers because it was a two month long family reunion for the entire extended family. Paul, along with Kathy, are responsible for keeping its many members in touch for several decades

I got to know Paul during all these extended visits, staying at their homes while working there. I also met many of his neighbors and friends, all wonderful people who would agree that Paul was warm and generous beyond belief. Paul's desire to bring people together was not just limited to Long Island. Every year he had a box at National Stadium, and always invited a full complement of guests. He would also love to take everyone to restaurants, no matter what city he and Kathy were in, and he always paid. I never had much money and it was a little embarrassing never to be able to reciprocate, even though I know he would never have accepted. His gift was bringing everyone was together, something he often said. He clearly and thoroughly enjoyed being able to do such things because he loved family and friends. I used to marvel at that, well aware that the differences between people he worked with and for, and us regular folk, were enormous. He was always interested in our lives, our doings, and helping us when he could.

There were many times when he was asked for favors. Here's a good example. My youngest sister, studying in Italy, fell for a young Iraqi street painter who had run away after all three of his brothers had been killed in the Iran-Iraq war. Agents from Iraq found him, raided his

room in Italy and took all his papers. In desperation, my sister asked Paul to help, though she and Paul hardly knew each other. Paul helped him obtain a Green Card, got him out of that dangerous situation, and even helped him find work here. I can't imagine what that would have taken to accomplish.

When Kathy suffered severe brain damage after being thrown from her horse in the Hamptons it was Paul's personal connections and complete devotion to her that secured the best facilities, doctors, and rehab. care. That saved her life. Her recovery was truly a miracle.

Much has been made in the press of Paul's fondness for expensive clothing and other trappings of wealth, and I have seen how radically that has colored opinions of him by others that don't know him, but I would suggest that much of his income was spent for the benefit and enjoyment of others.

I write this letter because I know how easy it is to draw conclusions about someone we don't know from what we hear or read or see on TV. But I think it is important to know as much about a person, especially when it affects that person's fate. Paul was an international, big league player, by all accounts one of the best in the business. It was not surprising that he took work in the Ukraine, and it is certainly not surprising that he made a substantial income, but there's no mention of his endless generosity to people and institutions in need. I think that Paul made some bad choices, but he is no demonic villain, certainly no traitor. A cover like the Atlantic Monthly's "Plot against America" is ridiculous.

During Paul's house arrest he, of all things, enthusiastically took up gourmet cooking, despite his confinement and two ankle bracelets. In months of solitary confinement, with almost nothing except his short visits from Kathy and his local family, and incarceration-related health issues, he did his best to retain a positive outlook. I was amazed to hear that in a phone call with him.

Paul is no violent criminal. He is changing, and he was doing it before this all happened. He has surrendered his assets to the United States. It seems to me that that fact, his already lengthy confinement, and the stress felt by his family and friends might constitute a down payment on his debt to society.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Jeff Richards". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal stroke at the end.

Jeff Richards



Exhibit H

Hon. Amy Berman Jackson
U.S. District Judge
District of Columbia
E. Barrett Prettyman Federal Courthouse
333 Constitution Avenue N.W.
Washington D.C. 20001

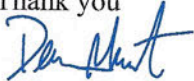
Dear Judge Jackson,

I'm writing this letter about my brother Paul. My name is Dennis and I am the youngest brother and I would like to provide a little background on our upbringing. My mother and father brought us up with old-fashioned Italian family values; we went to church every Sunday and holy days and were always taught to put our best foot forward. Your handshake was your word and you treat people the way you'd want to be treated.

My brother Paul was always there for us, especially when my middle brother Bobby died of cancer when he was 35. It was devastating. Even as Paul was extremely busy, he always reached out to him and did everything he could to help him. Unfortunately, God had other plans for Bobby. It was hard growing up after losing Bobby but Paul was always there to check on me, just like he did with Bobby. Paul has always been there for me, especially after I was divorced, he never gave up on me when I ended up being addicted to drugs myself. My brother was by my side at my darkest hour. It was because of his support and love that helped me pull my life back together. This was a very long battle, and he never gave up. I have been sober for many years now, I have a home and a steady job, and my brother never forgets to remind me how proud he is.

If it wasn't for Paul I'd be just another statistic. We are only on this earth for a short time, a blink of an eye. We will go to our maker and we will be judged on how we treated other people and I ask you to close your eyes and put all the politics aside and ask guidance from God.

Thank you

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "Dennis Manafort", written over the printed name.

Dennis Manafort

Exhibit I

Hon. Amy Berman Jackson
U.S. District Judge
District of Columbia
E. Barrett Prettyman Federal Courthouse
333 Constitution Avenue N.W.
Washington D.C. 20001

February 23, 2019

Dear Judge,

I have known Paul Manafort since the late Seventies when he married my sister, Kathy, and joined our family... most of our collective adult lives. Since the beginning, Paul has been an involved and supportive member of the family. These are some things I have seen.

Brother-in-Law

Since I met him, Paul has been supportive of my endeavors and always kept up with my health and my children's health, always helping where possible. A recent example - four years ago I was diagnosed with cancer. Paul connected me to a medical expert at Weil-Cornell, who arranged for my care. Today I am cancer free.

Son and Son-in-law

Paul was always aware and supportive of the previous generation. Whether it was getting my mother new teeth thirty years ago, getting both my parents quality hearing aids twenty years ago, or procuring adult housing for my father three years ago, time after time, Paul kept track of what our parents needed and, as far as I could tell, did everything he could to help.

Husband

In 1997 my sister Kathy was in a near-fatal accident. She was in a coma for weeks. During that time, Paul kept his daughters functioning - getting them back to school, giving them emotional support, all while personally checking on Kathy almost every day. Kathy had a 20% chance of living and less than a 5% chance of ever recovering. From what I witnessed, I believe it was Paul's relentless support that saved her life.

Father

I watched Paul raise his girls from day one. Whether it was flying home across the Atlantic from a project, to coach Jessica's basketball team or staying up until midnight, helping Andrea with her homework, it was impossible to spend time in the Manafort home, without seeing the love and attention he gave his girls.

Uncle

Paul always paid attention to the next generation. He was always aware and made their education, career, and health one of his top priorities. All of the "cousins" from that generation have been greatly impacted by Paul's unwavering love and support.

Employer

Spending time with the Manaforts over the years, I couldn't help but notice how Paul also took an interest in the well-being of the people that worked for him over the years (the housekeepers or nannies, yard workers, etc.) - and their families. He went out of his way to provide steady employment, health insurance, and a comfortable lifestyle for his people. I think he helped some become citizens as well, to legally join in the American Dream. One instance in particular was the son of a longtime employee. Recognizing his passion for cooking, Paul provided him the opportunity to shadow many reputable chefs and the courage to venture off on his own. I understand he now has a successful career and currently works at a highly acclaimed restaurant.

My hope as a Brother-in-law and American

I understand the gravity of this situation and the seriousness of the crimes he has been convicted of. I wrote this letter to perhaps add some human perspective. To help you see that Paul is a real human with a real family that he loves and who love him.

I don't know all that you must consider in this situation - I don't have all the facts that you do. That said - and in recognition of how challenging your job is already, I respectfully ask that you consider a way to achieve a restorative outcome, or perhaps add a restorative option/aspect to your sentencing as opposed to purely traditional punishment. I know Paul has been a part of our system for decades and has a valuable, unique perspective - and I imagine he knows very well how to improve it. If there is a way to use his skills to make the system better (which as far as I know serves everyone), it could prevent this from being a greater tragedy than it already is for all of us.

As I mentioned earlier, I can only imagine the weight of this decision - and I offer my words with nothing but respect, hope, and compassion for all of us who have been affected by this tragedy.

Sincerely,


Thomas M. Bond (Paul's Brother-in-law)



Exhibit J

January 22, 2019
Hon. Amy Berman Jackson
U.S. District Judge
E. Barrett Prettyman Federal Courthouse
333 Constitution Avenue N.W.
Washington D.C. 20001

To the Hon. Judge Jackson,

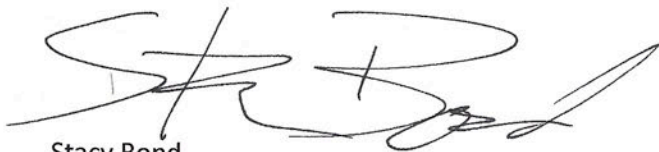
I have been asked to write to you on behalf of Paul Manafort, in the hope that you would consider leniency when sentencing. I had no hesitation in saying yes, when asked to do so. In the more than 13 years I have known Paul, he has been nothing other than a constant source of support for our family. Not just financially, but he has supported us in any way that he could whenever we faced challenges. He is a kind, caring, and compassionate man.

I admit that when I married his brother in law in 2006, I felt intimidated in his presence. Not by action, but by the way he presents himself. I quickly learned that there was no need to feel this way. He is a man with a big heart. This was especially evident when our daughter was born. They quickly developed a tight "Bond". Throughout her life, Paul has made sure that she had everything she needed. He made sure she had access to a good education, as education is very important to him.

When my husband and I were renting a house, and Paul found out that it wasn't the best situation to fit our needs, he and Kathy made sure we had a home that was handicap accessible, so that I would be able to raise her without facing any additional challenges. He also made sure that my daughter had fun summers, often times, showing his fun side, which he doesn't often show to many people.

I am aware of the seriousness of the crimes that Paul has been convicted, but I am asking that you consider leniency in sentencing, and let my daughter continue to have that special relationship with Paul that she has grown up with, as she constantly asks for Uncle Paul, and misses him.

I thank you for taking the time to read my letter.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Stacy Bond', with a large, stylized flourish extending from the end of the name.

Stacy Bond
Sister In Law

Exhibit K

Rosann Garber Brodie



January 26, 2019

Hon. Amy Berman Jackson
U.S. District Judge
District of Columbia
E. Barrett Prettyman Federal Courthouse
333 Constitution Avenue N.W.
Washington D.C. 20001

Dear Judge Jackson:

On the first day of my first job ever, I met Kathy Bond. A few days later she came into my office to show me her new ring. She was engaged to Paul Manafort. From that day on, Paul has been part of my life in every way.

Over the past 41 years I have seen Paul at work, with his family, with friends and with strangers. I can honestly say he is one of the finest and most caring people I have ever known. So that's why these days when I hear or see stories in the news or online about Paul Manafort, I say *that's not the guy I know*.

Paul has been my friend, my brother, my father and my priest. He has been there for me in good times, and bad, never judging, always listening, encouraging and offering help.

I've been a witness to 41 years of Manafort family times. Paul puts his family first. On numerous occasions Paul cut business trips short or took overnight flights so that he could get home for Andrea's Girl Scout activity or Jessica's basketball game. After Kathy's accident, Paul dropped everything to take care of Andrea and Jessica while making Kathy's extraordinary recovery his priority. Until recently, Paul rose early each morning to get Kathy's special Starbucks coffee so that it was waiting for her when she woke up.

Paul is the glue to a group of friends from a variety of backgrounds and professions including doctors, an electrician, a personal trainer, a receptionist, a UPS worker and housewives. He always plays a large role in planning our fun activities then sits back and makes sure others are in the spotlight. He is our organizer, our cheerleader. We are lost without him these days.

The thing about Paul is that when he's your friend, your family members get to come along. He takes an interest in them. He remembers their names, what they are doing, and he asks about them often. His wide arms that are open for his friends are also open to help our family members too. He is always generous with his time for everyone.

My Dad used to say that you can tell the character of a person by how well they treat the people who are not as fortunate as they are. I've seen how Paul treats waiters, and delivery people and the lady vacuuming the office. He always has a pleasant greeting, never ignoring anyone, often putting a smile on their faces. He treats everyone as his equal.

Your Honor, I ask you to please consider the *real* Paul Manafort, not the guy shown on television, when you determine his sentence. He is caring, thoughtful, loyal – a good man.

Sincerely,



Rosann Garber Brodie

Exhibit L

Hon. Amy Berman Jackson
U.S. District Judge
District of Columbia
E. Barrett Prettyman Federal Courthouse
333 Constitution Avenue N.W.
Washington D.C. 20001

Dear Judge Jackson,

The purpose of this letter is to provide a character reference for Paul Manafort Jr. in connection with his previously held trial and upcoming sentencing to take place February 8, 2019. My name is Starr Manafort, I am an active CPA who resides in Santa Monica, California. It must be noted that much of what I have learned over the course of my life and have applied to my current career stem directly from my relationship with Paul.

I am Paul's biological niece on my father's side. However, our relationship extends far beyond your typical uncle/niece connection. My father passed away of leukemia when I was seven years old after which my mother relied on the help of family members to support and raise me. At the time of my father's death my Uncle Paul did not hesitate to step up and provide both financial and emotional support to myself and my mother. He considered her part of the family and soon came to consider me one of his daughters. Every summer and most holidays from the time my father passed away to just last year I would travel back east as much time as I could with Paul and his family, at their expense. When I was younger he provided school clothes, supplies, sports and education coaches and anything else I required to live a happy and healthy lifestyle. As I grew older and my ambitions became bigger my Uncle Paul never hesitated to facilitate any dream I had for my future career. When I wanted to be a lawyer he was the person who helped get me into Pepperdine Law School and pay for all the expenses. After the first year when I decided law school was not for me and wanted to drop out he never once punished me or showed any signs of disappointment. It was quite the opposite, I received nothing but his love and support to find my true path. Years later when it would become evident that I wanted to be CPA but had neither the qualifications or schooling to sit for the exam, he sat down with me and mapped out a strategy of how to reach my goal. This was in 2008 and I am proud to say because of his unconditional love and support over the past 10 years I was able to go back to school, get a great job at a public accounting firm and receive my official CPA license as of August of last year. It saddens me that the one person in my corner this entire time won't be there to celebrate with me and my husband. I can only hope that someday my uncle will be able to see just how much his support has positively affected my life and future.

I recognize the fact that it is not easy to raise a family today, but Paul didn't just raise his daughters he also took on the responsibility of raising myself. No matter where life has taken me, whether it's been disappointments or achievements my Uncle supported me and cheered me on every step of the way. Over these past few months it has been difficult for me to watch the media villainize him. He has not only contributed to my success but to almost every other

member of our family's success. He's given countless hours of advice even when he is busy dealing with issues and problems far beyond our capacity. He is never too busy to respond to an email or return a phone call. He has provided financial and emotional support in times when I have felt so stuck in my life that it has seemed impossible to move forward. All it took is a phone call or email to my Uncle and my situation would be improved one way or another. He is the rock upon which our family supported and the ground from which our success grows. The hardest thing about these past two years has been not having him here to celebrate our joys, ease our sorrows and fix our problems.

Therefore, I ask you to take all of this into consideration when deciding on an appropriate sentencing for my Uncle. I ask you to look inside your own family and ask yourself how you would continue through life if your foundation and support system was taken away for any amount of time?

I sincerely thank you for your time and consideration in this matter as it is of utmost importance to myself and my family during this very difficult time.

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "Starr Manafort". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Starr" and last name "Manafort" clearly distinguishable.

Best,
Starr Manafort

Exhibit M

Hon. Amy Berman Jackson
U.S. District Judge
District of Columbia
E. Barret Pretty Federal Courthouse
333 Constitution Avenue N.W.
Washington D.C. 20001

Dear Judge Jackson,

I have known Paul Manafort for forty-seven years. During that time, I was always amazed by the sense of support for his family. His parents were amazing people with strong community support while raising their three boys.

While I knew Paul as he became more involved in Connecticut politics, I really got to know him when we served in the Ford administration.

The amazing thing to me was his devotion to family. He was always available for his Mom and Dad. As the oldest brother, he looked out for his two younger siblings. Later when his brother Robert became addicted to drugs Paul worked hard to help him eliminate the habit, which unfortunately was not successful. In the midst of his sadness, he did not hesitate to look after Robert's only daughter, Starr. He recognized that his eight year old niece would still need a strong male figure in her life. He welcomed her into his family and treated her with the same love and devotion as his two biological daughters. Always with the blessing of his sister in law, he supported Starr in each developmental phase of her life with whatever resource was needed. He has continued this support up until the day of his incarceration.

He and Kathy were married, and I was proud of the fact that they asked me to become Godfather to their oldest child. Paul's attachment to Jessica was immediate and his being a father suited him well. The addition of Andrea completed the family. Then Paul went to work to support the family and his love of family was once again in the fore front. This is clear by how much he provided not just for his immediate family, but his entire extended family. It was not just financial, his love was sincere. Paul was the glue that kept everyone together, especially in times of crisis. Which is perhaps why his devoted family stands with him now.

I am writing this letter in the hope that the Court will realize there is a different side to Paul Manafort then the description one might read in the Newspaper or hear on Television. I recognize that Paul has been convicted of some serious crimes but his life over the past two years has been terrible.

I do hope that the justice system will take into consideration these factors and what Paul has been through during the last two years. Thank you for this consideration.

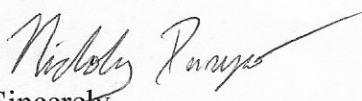

Sincerely,
Nicholas Panuzio

Exhibit N

February 22, 2019

Hon. Amy Berman Jackson
U.S. District Judge
District of Columbia
E. Barrett Prettyman Federal Courthouse
333 Constitution Avenue N.W.
Washington D.C. 20001

Dear Judge Berman Jackson,

My name is Doug Davenport and I am a long time colleague and friend of Paul Manafort.

I first met Paul in the Summer of 1984 when he was working on President Reagan's Re-Election Campaign. Although only 13 at the time, I had already developed a strong interest and passion for national politics and the federal government machinery. This first meeting, some 35 years ago, literally changed my life forever and helped lead to so many of the blessings I currently enjoy. You see, growing up like I did in rural Vermont, did not exactly provide a direct route to national presidential campaigns, nor many other exciting and fast-paced career opportunities beyond small town Riverton, VT.

It's no exaggeration to say that without Paul's help and guidance, I would never have had the professional opportunities beyond the rural corn fields and dilapidated businesses of Central Vermont in the late 1980's. At the time, Paul was a well-known national political power broker, but he never seemed to forget the importance of giving someone a "shot" or a chance to do better – regardless of where they came from. There are dozens of other college graduates from the late 80's and early 90's who also got their first "shot" in professional life as a result of Paul's goodwill and mentoring – an undeniable fact that has been totally lost in the current narrative of Paul's life and career.

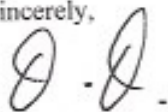
It's been hard to watch what has happened to Paul over the past 3 years. Paul came to the Trump Presidential Campaign in early 2016 genuinely believing he could assist in helping elect an extremely unconventional GOP Candidate. From Day 1 on the job, Paul put in 18 hour days, 7 days a week, to help successfully wrap up the 2016 Trump delegate primary operation and develop a badly missing and long overdue plan for the 2016 RNC Convention in Cleveland, OH. He never deviated – day in/day out – from the sole mission he had been brought in to help achieve: a solid RNC Convention Delegate Operation and a secure GOP Presidential nomination for Donald Trump.

Never in the course of knowing and working with Paul did I ever witness any of the nefarious accusations or phony caricatures that have been so often portrayed, exaggerated and sensationalized by the main stream media outlets. We were told that an Independent Prosecutor was needed to look into whether there was some sort of collusion between the Trump Campaign and the Russian Government; but Paul's alleged issues go back far before the Trump Campaign and had already been investigated and passed over by the Obama DOJ.

But this was never about Paul's past dealings. Paul was simply an easy lightning rod to go after for detractors of Candidate - and now President - Trump. Unfortunately, a man's life hangs in peril just because he chose to come out of political retirement and try to help elect a non-establishment political candidate who just happened to become President of the United States.

On Paul's behalf, I ask you to take these thoughts into your consideration and also ask for your mercy and heartfelt compassion as you consider Paul's upcoming sentencing.

Sincerely,



Doug Davenport